

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 42—No. 16.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

PRICE {4d. Unstamped.  
5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FIRST APPEARANCE of MDLLE. TITIENS.

THIS EVENING, Saturday, April 16th, will be performed (for the First Time this Season), Bellini's Tragic Opera,

### "NORMA."

Pollone, Signor GEREMIA BETTINI (his First Appearance this Season); Oroveso, Signor MARCELLO JUNCA (his First Appearance); Flavio, Signor Manfredi; Clotilda, Madame TACCANI; Adalgisa, Mdle. LOUISE LIEBHARDT (her First Appearance this Season); and

NORMA by MDLLE. TITIENS (her First Appearance).

Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

## VISIT OF GENERAL GARIBALDI TO THE OPERA.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19TH,

The Entertainment will be given in HONOR of the VISIT of GENERAL GARIBALDI, on which occasion the Performances will commence with Donizetti's admired Opera,

### "LUCREZIA BORCIA."

Gennaro, Signor GIROLINI (who will introduce Signor Arditi's Romanza—"Colli Nativi"—in the 3rd Act); Il Duca Alfonso, Signor GASSIER (his First Appearance this Season); Rustighello, Signor MANFREDI; Liverotto, Signor Mariotti; Gubetta, Signor MARCELLO JUNCA; Petrucci, Signor CASABONI; Gazella, Signor Bossi; Vitellozzo, Signor BERTACCHI; Maffeo Orsini, Mdle. BETTELHEIM (her first appearance in that character in England); and

LUCREZIA BORCIA, MDLLE. TITIENS.

Between the Acts of the Opera will be performed Arditi's new

CANTO NAZIONALE,

AND

### "GARIBALDINA."

To Conclude (for the First Time) with a New Ballet, in Two Tableaux, entitled

### "BACCIO ED ARIANNA,"

By Signor MAGGI, in which

MDLLE. ARANYVARY and SIGNOR AMMATURO will appear.

In Active Preparation, and will be immediately produced (for the First Time in England), with the utmost care and completeness, the Celebrated Opera, by OTTO NICOLAI, founded on Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, entitled,

### "FALSTAFF,"

In which Mdle. Titiens, Mdle. Bettelheim, Mdle. Vital, Signor Gassier, Mr. Santley, Signor Bettini, Signor Marcello Junca, Signor Manfredi, Signor Mazzetto, and Signor Giuglini will appear.

**NOTICE.**—In order to meet the wishes of the Subscribers and Patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, the Director has the honor to announce that in future the Performances will commence at Half-past Eight, instead of Eight.

Prices:—Pit Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s. and 7s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, in the Upper Circle, 21s.

Box-Office of the Theatre open daily from Ten till Six, where places may be secured; also at Mitchell's; Bubb's; Lacon and Ollier's, Bond Street; Leader's Opera Colonade; Sams's, St. James Street; Hammond's, Regent Street; and of Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

**BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Directors respectfully announce that the THIRD CONCERT on Monday Evening, the 18th inst., will be in connection with the THIRDCENTENARY ANNIVERSARY of the BIRTH of SHAKESPEARE. Programme:—Overture, "Coriolanus"—Beethoven; Canzonet, "She never told her love," Mrs. LOCKY (Twelfth Night)—Haydn; Concerto Violin, Signor SIVONI—Paganini; Afr., "Where the bee sucks," Miss BANKS (*The Tempest*)—Arne; Music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—Overture, Scherzo, Part Song, "Ye spotted snakes," Miss BANKS and Mrs. LOCKY, with Chorus, Notturmo, March and Final Chorus—Mendelssohn; Sinfonia Pastorale—Beethoven; Duot, Miss BANKS and Mrs. LOCKY; Overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—Nicolai. Conductor—Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. To begin at Eight o'clock. Subscriptions received and Tickets issued by Messrs. Addison and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

## THE ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

Capital, £50,000, in Shares of £2 each: £1 per Share to be paid up on allotment; the remaining £1 per Share will not be called up unless necessary.

TEMPORARY OFFICES—69 Regent Street, W.

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The Most Noble the Marquis Townshend.

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### AUDITORS.

Robert Addison, Esq., 210 Regent Street.

George Wood, Esq., 201 Regent Street.

### ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Directors have the gratification of stating that they have effected an arrangement with Mr. Gye, the proprietor of the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, by which they will become the Lessees of the Opera House during the autumn and winter months, for a term of years commencing in October next. Mr. Alfred Mellon will be the Musical Conductor; Mr. William Beverley the Scenic Artist; and Mr. Augustus Harris the Stage Manager.

### PRIVILEGES OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The holder of 100 shares will have a free admission to the Dress Circle, Boxes or Pit, for every night in each season.

The holder of 75 shares will have a free admission to the same for three-fourths of the nights of each season.

The holder of 50 shares will have a free admission to the same for one-half of the nights of each season.

The holder of 25 shares will have a free admission to the same for one-quarter of the nights of each season.

Each season will consist of about 140 nights.

These privileges alone are equivalent to a return of 35 per cent. per annum to the shareholder.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the Company's Office, 69 Regent Street; at the Brokers'; the Bankers'; Cramer and Co.'s; Mitchell's; Sams's; Lacon and Ollier's; Keith, Prowse and Co.'s; and at the principal Music-sellers in town and country.

## THE ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN. NOTICE.—The SHARE LIST of this Company will be CLOSED on WEDNESDAY, the 20th inst.

By Order,

MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary.

Offices, St. James's Hall, 69 Regent Street, W.

April 12, 1864.

## THE ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.—The Directors are prepared to RECEIVE COMMUNICATIONS with reference to OPERAS for Representation during the ensuing Season. Artists desirous of engagements may address themselves in writing to the Secretary.

By Order,

MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary.

Offices, St. James's Hall, 69 Regent Street, W.

### TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

WORKS ENGRAVED and PRINTED on Moderate Terms, by F. BOWCHER, 3 Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street.

**THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA ARTISTES** who will SING at the NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, this season, in St. James's Hall (by permission of Mr. F. Gye), are:—*Mdlle. EMILIA LAGUNA, Madame DIME, and Mdlle. C. PATTI*; Signor NAUDIN, Signor NERI BAHALDI, Signor COROSCHI, Herr SCHMID, and Signor GRAZIANI. Programme of the First Concert of the Season, THIS EVENING, April 13th, at 8 o'clock, under the direction of Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc. The orchestral compositions selected from the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, and Rossini. *Artists*—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Signor Naudin, of the Royal Italian Opera (by permission of Mr. F. Gye), and Signor Sivioli, violin. Principal Violins in the Orchestra—Herr Molique and Mr. H. Blagrove. **PART 1.**—Overture, *Faust* (Spohr); aria, "Così fan tutti," Signor Naudin (Mozart); concerto for violin and orchestra: violin, Signor Sivioli (Mendelssohn); recit. and song, "Sweet bird," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, with flute obligato, Mr. S. Pratten (Handel); symphony in A major, op. 92, movements, poco sostenuto vivace, allegretto presto finale, allegro con brio. **PART 2.**—Overture, *Semiramide* (Rossini); aria, *del sonno, Masaniello*, Signor Naudin (Auber); adagio e rondo, "La Clochette," violin, Signor Sivioli (Paganini); aria, "Le Serment," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (Auber); overture, "Abon Hassan," (Weber). Tickets—Reserved Stalls, or First Row Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Second Row Balcony, 7s.; Third Row Balcony, 5s.; Back Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets for Unreserved Seats to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street; Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, and Co., 48, Chesapeake; and of Mr. AUSTIN, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Tickets for Reserved Seats of Messrs. Cramer & Co., 201 Regent Street; and of Mr. AUSTIN, Ticket Office, Piccadilly. The Subscription for the series of Five Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals is £2 2s. for First Row Balcony; £1 1s. 6d. for Second Row Balcony. W. GRAEFKE NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

**MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—SIXTH SEASON, 1864.**—The THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, on Wednesday Evening next, at half-past 8 o'clock, at St. James's Hall. Conductor—Mr. ALFRED MELLON. Programme:—*Part 1.*—Overture, "The Isles of Fingal," Mendelssohn; Air, Mdlle. BETTELHEIM; Concerto in G, concertina, Signor GIULIO RECONSI; Molique; Duo, Desdemoiselles LIEBHART and BETTELHEIM; Overture, "As You Like It" (first time), Harold Thomas. *Part 2.*—Symphony in E flat, Mozart; Air, Mdlle. LIEBHART; Serenade and Rondo Gioioso, pianoforte, Herr PAUKER—Mendelssohn; Duo, Desdemoiselles LIEBHART and BETTELHEIM; Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," Weber. A limited number of tickets for Area and Balcony, at 10s. 6d. each, and Gallery tickets at 3s. 6d., at Messrs. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec., 35, Baker Street, W.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Tuesday, April 19.—Quintet, G minor, Mozart; Sonata, E flat, Op. 31, pianoforte—Beethoven; Romance, Violin Solo, Sivioli (first appearance since 1851); Quartet in G, Haydn; Andante and Finale, from Weber's Sonata in D minor (repeated by desire). Artists:—Sivioli, Nies, Webb, Hann, and Pague. Pianist—Hallé. Visitors' tickets, Half-a-guinea each, to be had of Cramer and Wood, Chappell & Co., Ollivier, Ashdown and Parry; and Austin, at St. James's Hall. J. ELLA, Director, 15, Hanover Square.

**MR. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY** will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS," and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on SATURDAY MORNING at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

**"JESSY LEA,"** Opera di Camera, EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON at Three and SATURDAY EVENINGS at Eight. Miss R. HENDERSON, Mr. WHIFFET, Mr. WILKINSON and Miss POOLE.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

"Mr. G. Macfarren has set this captivating little Pastoral to some of the most delightful music that ever fell from his prolific pen."—*Morning Post.*

**MDLLE. GEORGI** has the honor to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, on Friday, the 13th of May, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, under the following distinguished patronage:—

THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF NORFOLK and  
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland.	The Lady Caroline Neville.
The Duchess of Argyll.	The Lady Anne Beckett.
The Duchess of Manchester.	The Lady Mary Wood.
The Marchioness of Kildare.	The Lady Hester Leeske.
The Countess Constance Grosvenor.	Lady Lilford.
The Countess of Abergavenny.	Lady Wensleydale.
The Viscountess Neville.	Lady Graham Montgomery.
The Lady Caroline Lascelles.	Lady Parker.
The Lady Foley.	The Lady Mayores.
The Lady Adeliza Manners.	Mrs. Arthur Pott.
The Lady Leigh.	Mrs. Bishop Culpeper.
The Lady Taunton.	Mrs. Herbert Ingram.
The Lady Bagot.	Mrs. Beaumont.
The Lady Jane Repton.	Mrs. Tucker.
The Lady Mary Fox.	Miss Holliday.

Mdlle. GEORGI will be assisted by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mdlle. CONSTANCE GEORGI and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Mr. LAGARUS and other eminent artists. Conductors—Signor ARDITI, Mr. EMIL BERGER and Mr. BENEDICT. Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; to be obtained of Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street; Messrs. Cocks and Hutchings; Messrs. Ollivier and Co.; Mr. Austin's Ticket Office; and at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

**MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN** (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) will give her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (varied by Vocal Music), on Saturday Afternoon, May 7, at Three o'clock, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. Tickets, 7s. and 5s.; to be had of the principal Musicians, and of Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, 40 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

**MR. KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND.**—MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—EVERY MONDAY at EIGHT.—MR. KENNEDY, the popular Scottish Vocalist, will repeat his successful NEW ENTERTAINMENT, entitled "THE FARMER'S INGLE," including favorite Old Ballads, Humorous Songs and Anecdotes. Mr. Kennedy has much pleasure in announcing that Mr. LANE, the accompanist of the celebrated Mr. Wilson, will again preside at the Pianoforte. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s.

**MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE** PERFORMANCES at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Saturday Mornings, April 30, May 21 and June 18. Subscription, 16s. 1 Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

**MR. W. H. HOLMES and Mr. G. W. HAMMOND** will be assisted by Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen), Mr. BLAGROVE and Mr. LEMMENS, at their FIRST PIANOFORTE and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Saturday Morning, April 23rd, Half-past Two. Tickets (all reserved)—Series, One Guinea; Single Concert, 10s. 6d. 35 and 39 Beaumont Street, Marylebone.

**MR. DEACON** begs to announce that his THREE MATINEES of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Mondays, April 26th, May 9th and June 6th, at Three o'clock. Violin, M. SAINTON and Herr POLLITZER; Viola, Mr. H. WEBB and Mr. CLEMENZI; Violoncello, Signor PELLE; Contrabasso, Mr. C. SEVERY; Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON. Two Vocal Pieces will be given at each Matinee. Tickets for the Series—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Tickets to admit Three to a Single Matinee—Reserved, One Guinea; Unreserved, 15s. Single Ticket—Reserved, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Messrs. Ollivier and Co., 19 Old Bond Street; of the principal Musicians; at the Rooms; and of Mr. Deacon, 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

#### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

**MR. AUSTIN** begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, 1864, on which occasion the following eminent Artists will appear:—*Vocalists*—Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. BENWICK; Madame PAREPA and Miss MARIAN MOSS. *Instrumentalists*—Pianoforte, Mdlle. MADELINE SCHILLER (her first appearance this Season); Harp, Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON (Harpist to the Queen) and Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Percussion Gwalia); Violin, Signor SIVIOLI. CHOIR of the VOCAL ASSOCIATION and BAND of HARPS. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and of all Musicians.

#### QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

**HERR WILLEM COENEN** begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4th, 1864, at Three o'clock precisely, assisted by the following eminent Artists:—*Vocalists*—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Madame SHEPHERD LEV. *Instrumentalists*—Violin, Signor SIVIOLI; Pianoforte, Herr WILLEM COENEN; Harmonium, Mous. LEMMENS. Conductor—Mons. LEMMENS. KIRKMAN'S PIANOFORTE. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Ticket to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Ticket, 7s.; to be had of Herr Willem Coenen, 105 Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent Street.

**MR. EMILE BERGER** will play his new Pianoforte Solo, "WAVERLEY," at Kennington, THIS DAY, April 16th.

**MR. G. W. HAMMOND** will play, for the first time, his Two MUSICAL SKETCHES for the Pianoforte, "SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS" (MS.), at the Hanover Square Rooms, April 23rd.

**HERR LEHMEYER** will play his new NOCTURNO and GALOP DE CONCERT during Mr. LEVY's *tournee* at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Bishop Auckland, Darlington, Dewsbury, Todmorden, Halifax, Liverpool, Leeds, Southport, Preston, Manchester, Edinburgh, &c.

**HERR WILHELM GANZ** will play his new Mazurka, "VOGLIANA," at Miss Fanny Partridge's Soirée Musicale, May 10.

**MADAME ALICE MANGOLD** begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

**MISS ROSE HERSEE**, during her Provincial Tour, is engaged to sing at Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Stockton, Darlington, Halifax, Huddersfield, Todmorden, Dewsbury, Stockport, Manchester, Liverpool, &c., and will return to Town for the Season at the end of April. Communications to be addressed to No. 2 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

**MDLLE. LOUISE LIEBHART** will arrive in Town for the Season on the 19th April. Communications for engagements, public or private, to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, 244 Regent Street, W.

**MASTER WILLIE PAPE** has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 13. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RIGOLETTO—VARESE—VITALI, ETC.

(The Times, April 11th.)

Mr. Mapleson commenced his regular season on Saturday night with a performance of Verdi's *Rigoletto*, which in almost every respect proved satisfactory. Three singers, new to the English public, were included in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*, all of whom, it may be stated at once, were not merely successful, but deserving of success. The most conspicuous of the three was Signor Varese, whose continental reputation so far back that it is difficult to account for the fact of his never having been heard before at either of our Italian Opera-houses. The part of Rigoletto was originally sustained by this gentleman in the autumn of 1851. A contemporary notice of the first representation at Bergamo, which appeared in a local paper, may—now that *Rigoletto* obtains nearly unanimous acceptance as the master-work of its composer—be perused with a certain degree of interest, as recording an example of how dangerous it is at all times to place too implicit reliance on first impressions:—

"The new opera of Verdi—*Rigoletto*—has not been well-received by the public of this town, although executed by artists of eminence. As the first act was found barren in melody, and the second more than usually sparing in the overpowering union effects for which the *gran maestro* is renowned, the public would not listen to the third, but with one voice demanded *Luisa Miller* in its place. The *prima donna*, hitherto in *Rigoletto* and overwhelmed by so unkind a reception, was raised to the skies in *Luisa Miller*; and so delighted were the public that they persisted in fettering her outside the theatre after the performance, accompanying her all the way home to her residence."

And this was not a French, nor a German, nor an English, but an Italian audience, which thus pettishly snubbed the musical pride of young Italy, by preferring his feeblest composition to his strongest. In what esteem the dreary *Luisa Miller* (introduced to us by Mr. Lumley in 1858) stands at present it is superfluous to inquire. The staunchest advocate of Verdi's music *quand même* would be ashamed to compare "the *Miller*" with the opera which at Bergamo was arrested in the middle—just, too, when the best was to come. Signor Varese, who, with respect to physical means, is now in much the same straits as Signor Ronconi, was long the only admitted rival to that admirable lyric comedian—the only one, at any rate, whose claims were beyond dispute. More the pity that he should come to us in the evening of his career. As one of the last of the race of genuine singers belonging to the genuine Italian school, the vocal school *par excellence*, and as still a fine declaimer and first-class actor, he should, nevertheless, be welcome—welcome as Ronconi himself, with whom, before he can be classed on equal grounds in this country, he must play many other characters, serious, comic, and melodramatic, quite as cleverly as he plays Rigoletto. Signor Varese's idea of the Court Jester—the man who, heartless abroad, is full of heart at home, the reckless panderer to that King of France so graphically drawn in M. Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse*, and metamorphosed by Signor Verdi's librettist into the humbler Duke of Mantua (possibly, because, in that epoch, the kings of Italy *ne s'amusaient pas*) differs in one respect from the idea of Signor Ronconi. In the Court scenes we are made by Signor Varese to recognise not merely a privileged buffoon, but a sort of mountebank whose speech is illustrated by gesticulations and contortions. Now, with deference to Signor Varese's authority as the original Rigoletto, we incline to think that the conception of Signor Ronconi—who rarely does more than hint at the acrobatic side of the Jester—is not alone superior in an intellectually poetic sense, but more impressive, correct, and true to nature. The grimaces with which Signor Varese insults Count Montecore exceed the unquestioned licence of the Court Buffoon to mimic with assumed gravity; while the gesture with which he accompanies the last word in his disdainful allusion to the object of that unfortunate nobleman's importunities:—

"Qual vi piglia o delirio, a tutte l'ore,  
Di vostra figlia reclamar l'onore!"

may, in mild language, be described as outrageous. To the rest unqualified praise must be awarded. The whole impersonation is indeed as characteristic as it is studiously worked out. The first interview with Gilda is tenderness itself. The scene in the palace—where the despair of the bereaved and frantic Rigoletto is cruelly derided by those courtiers who have practised the abduction, and scarce one of whom but may be supposed to smart under the remembrance of some unprovoked and bitter gibe, could hardly be excelled; every minute detail being as carefully finished as it is in picturesque keeping. The most striking of all, perhaps, is the subsequent outburst of passion, when Gilda, restored to the arms of her disconsolate parents, has related the story of her wrongs. The whole of this moving scene exhibits high dramatic power, and a vocal skill which sets the encroachments of time at naught. Without entering further into the subject, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing the Rigoletto of Signor Varese the finest that has been witnessed on our stage with the single exception of that of Signor Ronconi. It is said that Signor Varese was engaged, at the eleventh

hour, to replace Signor Fagotti (the Rigoletto of Mr. E. T. Smith, at Drury Lane, in 1860), who had not arrived in time to fulfil his engagement. If this be true, the patrons of Mr. Mapleson's theatre may be felicitated on an unanticipated change for the better.

Mdlle. Vitali, the new Gilda, is very young (not yet twenty, it is said) and therefore in a great measure inexperienced. Small in stature, alight in figure, and with a voice at present not over-rich in quality, she, nevertheless, walks the stage with graceful ease, has facial expression at command, and already displays considerable histrionic intelligence. As a singer she must acquire that uniformly ready use of means which practice alone can give; but, thus much allowed, we are inclined to prognosticate for Mdlle. Vitali an enviable future. Her natural dispositions are unmistakable; while her talent is even now fast ripening into excellence. Instead of beginning well and gradually falling off, as is often the case with young artists aspiring to the highest honours, Mdlle. Vitali did precisely the reverse on Saturday night. She began so nervously that in the beautiful music of the second scene—the duet with Rigoletto and the *cavatina*, "Caro nome," for example—she produced scarcely any effect; and a general impression appeared to prevail that nothing more need be expected. In the second act, however, quite another impression was created. The great dramatic scene with Rigoletto, to which allusion has been made, showed Mdlle. Vitali gifted with powers, both as singer and actress, of which her previous efforts had afforded little or no indication. The tones of her voice, as if suddenly awakened from a lethargy, were now both bright and penetrating; and the more impassioned her expression the more sonority was there to give it vocal utterance. The audience, taken by surprise, applauded with enthusiasm. The last act confirmed the success of Mdlle. Vitali. The soprano part in the splendid quartet, "Bella figlia dell'amore," could hardly have been delivered with more force and dramatic significance. Of the other new comer—Mdlle. Bettelheim, from the Imperial Opera at Vienna—it is impossible to offer any decided opinion, the character of Maddalena being limited to a single scene, her music chiefly confined to accompanied recitative, the contralto part in a duet with Sparafucile and the quartet in question. That Mdlle. Bettelheim possesses a voice both mellow and agreeable, is a good musician, and as an actress exhibits ease, animation and intelligence, may, however, be stated without reserve; and there is reason to believe she may prove a valuable acquisition.

Signor Giuglini, who gave his opening air ("Questa o quella")—one of the most genuine melodies in the opera—somewhat tamely, warmed to his task as he progressed, and on the whole has never sung more admirably. This was his first appearance as the gay and unscrupulous Duke of Mantua, for whom poetical justice might as fairly have turned the Court Jester into an avenging *uomo di sasso* as the Commandant for that Don Giovanni whose peccadilloes he so closely emulates. The dramatic portrayal of such a character lies scarcely within the means of Signor Giuglini, but he takes his revenge by singing the music from first to last almost as perfectly as the composer himself could desire; and those acquainted with Signor Verdi are aware that he is somewhat hard to conciliate, much more to satisfy. With such true feeling did Signor Giuglini address the tender declaration—"E il Sol dell'anima"—when, disguised as a poor student, the Duke of Mantua wooed the daughter of his ill-starred Jester, that the house insisted upon its being repeated. We have heard the sequel—"Addio, speranza ed anima"—uttered in a more impassioned manner; but the rest was irreproachable. The slow movement at the commencement of the second act—"Parmi veder le lagrime"—too frequently omitted, was so well sung by Signor Giuglini that it was to be regretted he did not also restore the more cheerful, if less earnest, "Possente amor," in which the Duke reveals the gratification he experiences at knowing Gilda under his roof. The sparkling "La donna è mobile"—that impudent libel against the fairer sex—was encored with rapture. In spite of this we cannot help protesting against the prolonged note on the second syllable of the word "ac-cen-to," as a decided anticlimax. Signor Verdi himself, a little further on, has done all that is requisite for the adequate emphasis of the cadence; and even after this Signor Giuglini adds another "effect" of his own; so that at the end of each verse of a very short ballad, the light and off-hand character of which is suggested both by words and music, we have three long halts in the rhythm. Signor Giuglini's share in the quartet was faultless. The melodious declaration to Maddalena ("Bella figlia," &c.) could not possibly have been endowed with more persuasive eloquence. Indeed, this quartet, as a whole, has rarely been more effective, and was never more heartily and unanimously encored. There is nothing to say of the other characters, except that the Sparafucile (a Signor Gasparini) was not surprisingly good.

The execution of the choruses was remarkable throughout for vigor, precision and strict attention to light and shade; while the band (strengthened by the addition of Mr. Carrodus, one of the most admirable of our English players, as principal violin) fully maintained the reputation which, under the able and zealous direction of Signor Ardti,



it has recently acquired. The ball scene of the first act introduced one of the promised new dancers, Mdle. Aranyvary, who, in a *pas de deux* with Signor Ammaturo (music *not* by Verdi) made a sufficiently agreeable impression. After the opera the National Anthem was performed, Mdle. Tietjens (whose unexpected apparition was greeted with general applause) and Mdle. Bettelheim taking the solos.

#### MUSIC IN COLOGNE.\*

The tenth Gesellschafts Concert took place on the 5th inst., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Gürzenich. This closed the series of our winter concerts at that establishment in a manner which will be the best recommendation for their resumption next season. Seldom is it that all the elements composing an audience go away as contented as they did on the 5th inst. The programme, and the style in which it was executed, had each an equal share in this result. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Hiller, ushered in by the brilliant Concert Overture in A major by Julius Rietz, brought their respective offerings; Hiller, two beautifully conceived "Marienlieder," executed in the old Italian sacred style, and expressively sung by the chorus without accompaniment; Mendelssohn, his picture of the Departure of Israel out of Egypt, a work which has, it is true, often been heard, but always produces an imposing effect by its grandeur of conception, as well as by the skilful employment of the eight-part chorus, and the rolling tone-masses of the orchestra; and lastly, Beethoven, two of his most magnificent creations, the Concerto for the Violin, and the Symphony in C minor, with the triumphant concluding movement in C major.

The Concerto "for the Violin"—as it is entitled in the programme—should be called the Concerto "for Joseph Joachim," for so would Beethoven himself have named it, had he heard how the genius-gifted artist has penetrated into his spirit, and, like his other self, grown into one with his work. But, alas! poor Beethoven could not have heard it had he even been still among the living. As regards ourselves, however, who have heard and still hear so much, some of which we are compelled to hear, whenever we listen to Joachim's execution—that is a bad word!—Joachim's transfiguration of Beethoven's thoughts into audible poetry, we feel that in the whole range of musical art there is nothing higher than this composition, thus endowed by the artist with all the fullness of life.

In addition to Beethoven's Concerto, Joachim played also an *Adagio* by Hiller (from Op. 87), with pianoforte accompaniment. Even after Beethoven's extraordinarily beautiful *Adagio*, this produced a profound impression. He then gave one of Bach's three-part Fugues for the violin alone, and was obliging enough, in consequence of the never-ending applause and recall, to add a surprisingly beautiful Gavotte, likewise by Bach.

If, in conclusion, we cast a retrospective glance on the musical season, from 1863 to 1864, we have good grounds for being satisfied with those who had the direction of our concerts. Of vocal music we have heard at the eleven concerts—including the festival concert connected with the Cathedral, on the 16th October last—Handel's *Messiah*, and the third part of *Solomon*; J. S. Bach's *Grosse Matthäus-Passion*, and the Cantata, "Liebster Gott," &c.; Songs *a capella*, by Steinecker and Donato, from the Sixteenth Century; Beethoven's "Sanctus" and "Benedictus," from the *Missa Solemnis*, and *Christus am Oelberge*; Scenes from Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*; Mozart's "Ave verum," Mendelssohn's Hymn for soprano, solo and chorus, Hymn for contralto, solo, chorus and organ, the *Erste Walpurgisnacht*, and the 114th Psalm; Meyerbeer's "Busslied," for barytone solo, chorus and organ; Ferdinand Hiller's Cathedral Festival Cantata, for tenor solo, &c., "Palmsontag-Morgen," and two "Marienlieder," *a capella* (all new); and by Max Bruch, *Die Flucht der heiligen Familie* (new).

In the way of instrumental music for a full band, we have had overtures—Beethoven's Op. 124 (twice), and the overture to *Coriolan*; Cherubini's overture to *Lodoiska*; Méhul's to *Joseph und seine Brüder*; Spohr's to *Jessonda*; C. M. Von Weber's to *Oberon*; Mendelssohn's *Schöne Melusine*; Jul. Rietz's overture in A major; and Waldemar Bargiel's *Prometheus* overture (new). Of symphonies there were: Jos. Haydn's symphony in G major; Mozart's in C major, with the fugued finale; Beethoven's No. VII.

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung*.

in A major, No. 9 (*choral*), and No. V. in C minor; Robert Schumann's No. II. in C major; Niels. W. Gade's No. VI.; Franz Lachner's Suite in D minor; and Ferdinand Hiller's "Morgenmusik," for orchestra, in six movements (new).

Solo singing was represented by Mad. Harriers-Wippen, from Berlin; Mdle. Assmann (twice); Mad. Knöpges-Saart; Mad. Rudersdorff, from London; Mdle. Schreck, from Bonn (twice); Mdle. Jenny Meyer, from Berlin; Mdle. Rothenberger, of Cologne; Mdle. Wiesemann, ditto; Mdle. Pels-Leusden, ditto; Mdle. Elise Kempel, from Hamm; Herr Niemann, from Hanover; Herren Wolters, Bergstein, and an amateur, from Cologne; Herr Gobbels, from Aix-la-chapelle; Herr Carl Hill, from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine (twice); Herr Max Stägemann, from Hanover; Herren Julius Stockhausen and Otto, from Berlin.

The solo instrumentalists were: piano—Mad. Clara Schumann, Herr Ernst Pauer (from London); violin—Herr Joachim, Herr von Königsblow, Herr George Japha, Herr Leopold Auer; and violoncello—Herren Alexander Schmit and Alfred Piatti. Herr Franz Lachner, Musical Director-General, conducted his own Suite in D minor, for orchestra, at the first Gesellschafts-Concert, on the 27th October.

#### "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE" AND "ANTICIPATIONS."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—I defy anybody to prove that the music, which a few call "the music of the future," will not some day be much appreciated and perhaps adored; and I also defy anybody to prove clearly that it ever will be. When I say "appreciated" I perhaps use a wrong word, for I am well aware you have appreciated "the music of the future" at its full value; but by "appreciated" I mean liked, and, if I thus correct myself, it is that from reading your columns I have learnt that you are punctilious and easily shocked at errors of expression, and like words used and placed logically, eloquently, rhythmically, musically, and all other ways sensibly; but "let us return to our mutons" (pardon this French saying, I intend no disrespect to your editorship). "The Future" is such an indefinite term of time—and, bye the bye, so is "the Past"—according to Scaliger, this year is the year of the world 5,814; according to Riccioli, 6,048; to the Egyptians, 370,090; and the Brahmins, 780,081; so you see that "the Past" is rather indefinite. However, we are speaking of "the Future," and I was saying that "the Future" is such an indefinite term of time that it is totally impossible to imagine even when the middle of it will occur; you cannot, with any reasonable probability of being believed, assert that the middle of "Future" will be about three or twenty-seven centuries hence. Could we truly so prophesy, we should arrive at the certainty that "Future" would be limited to six or fifty-four centuries, and we should furthermore have the satisfaction of knowing that, at the end of said centuries, the heirs and assigns of our opinions would be able to take down the verdict of "Future" (which would then be "the Past") upon this "music of the Future," and rejoice or sorrow at it according as our opinions were good or worthless. But, as things stand now, with this unlimited uncertainty, it is impossible to have any satisfactory arguments or exchange of opinions with any full grown leather-lunged Wagnerite. You cannot say "Well, we shall see two thousand years hence," for, as I said before, we do not know the limit of "Future," and your adversary might answer you, and his heirs and assigns might answer yours, two thousand years hence, what your opponent answers you to-day after each successive *fiasco* which you bring under his notice: "Years hence no other music will be listened to." There is no satisfaction to be got from him; urge that all, or nearly all, those composers, whose works we listen to now with delight, were appreciated and admired during their lives-time; that your baker can never satisfy you with loaves which he assures you you will relish and like "at a future time," but which you now eschew; that if your tailor were to send you a pair of pink satin pantaloons, turned up with amber, declaring that would be the fashion at "a future day," you would probably kick him, and tell him that his goose was not the only one in his establishment; urge all this, and all else more, yet the stereotyped answer will be, "Years hence, &c., &c." Pray, what answer can you make to such a fellow?

I can well understand the enviable position of a man who always has an irreplicable argument in his mouth: by becoming a "Wagnerite," or, what we should call, more properly speaking, "an anticipator of the Future." I could use the same arguments and dumbfound everybody differing from me; I could gain argumentative victories every day; tell everybody, thinking otherwise than myself, they were irretrievably condemned fools; and I would certainly become a Wagnerite for peace sake, but that the condition of listening to "anticipatory music" so more than I can bring my mind to. I am too irritable to listen to Wagner's music; in my opinion it is infructuous; it contains all the labour of germination up to the formation of the peduncle even, but

there it stops; it is pinefeathered, iniquated with pedantic affectation, and always moves me, when I listen to it, to exorcism and to speak words like the few I have just written: a vocalization infinitely situative, faraboutive, and anything but dialogistic, and moreover very likely to create diaporesis in the mind of your listener and to excite him to debacchation, and to afflict your readers' eyes with incurable xerophthalmia. That, sir, is the awfully bad language I am moved to use when I listen to one of Wagner's operas. Some passage will lead you to expect a melody, the introduction to it is dramatic, smooth, and indicating a channel through which your pent up feelings will flow limpidly; he gradually leads you up to it, and, like a coquette, feigns to wish to withhold that which you are certain you are to enjoy, softly struggling, gently yielding, till, at the very brink, bang come the drums or cymbals, like an intruder knocking at the door, and, before you have time to re-arrange your ideas, you find yourself in the midst of another subject. It is like listening to a perpetually sustained dominant seventh without a chance of its ever being resolved. Of course, I know the answer any Wagnerite will give to the above, but *va* for opinions. Unless you are very irascible you may still manage to live comparatively happy in the musical world *malgré* the "anticipators." If their opinions were eternal even, I doubt whether they would ever touch your pocket, but what say you to a man trying to make capital out of his "anticipations?" A journal fell into my hands yesterday, the editors of which announce that said journal has been established in anticipation of a circulation of *fifty millions* per week, and they add that it is unnecessary to comment upon its advantages as a medium for advertisements! I think it is very necessary; and I would beg to ask the editors, before I give them any advertisements, how long is it before they expect the journal will enjoy a circulation of one thousand? and supposing I be weak enough to give them six lines on the faith of their "anticipations," in how many years will their anticipations be realized, and if at the end of the number of years they may please to mention the circulation does not reach the figure mentioned, whether they will return me my money? and supposing they would not, I beg to ask you, sir, who knows everything, whether I could recover, or prosecute the editors for having obtained money from me under anticipatory pretences?

And now, in conclusion, I beg to inform you that I shall, in a future letter, submit to your notice a young composer aiming to become the founder of a new school of music; you guess, of course, that I allude to Herr Heinrich Schweitzgunklein, formerly a disciple of Richard Wagner's, but who has now set up in business on his own account. Whilst his ex-leader modestly writes "music for the future," Herr Schweitzgunklein aims at writing music for a little beyond that indefinite space of time. I have just received his first published work, an opera in four acts, entitled

"THE TOOTHACHE."

I must tell you that Herr Schweitzgunklein in his work (which has literary pretensions as well as musical) premises that, at that period, which will immediately follow our most pyramidal motions of the extent of future, the world will be pretty nearly topsy-turvy; and, (to glean hastily through the changes which will have taken place) he says horologigraphers will have divided our present seconds into thousands of infinitesimal parts; and that a subject which now takes ordinary thinking powers an hour to consider will then be turned over and over again in a second; distance will no longer be a physical impediment to the transportation of the body to where the imagination would have it; by reason of the means of locomotion, which will then exist, the development of musical science will enable the composer to portray vividly the most refined sentiments, the most acute pains and the deepest metaphysical paradoxes, &c., &c., and he concludes his preface by offering his work as a slight sketch to illustrate the elementary principles of "post future music." I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant, BOSKOUSA.

P.S. Will you kindly send my number of the *MUSICAL WORLD* to Putney, as I am going there.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday evening a new musical entertainment, entitled *La Bagatelle*, written by Mr. Bernard, was produced at the above hall. The entertainment consists of a series of comic and serious illustrations, comprising descriptive songs, duets, and trios. The parts are sustained by Miss Wentworth, Miss Brougham, and Mr. Bernard. The music, which comprises songs, old English ballads, gipsy melodies, and Irish airs, is well given, and the whole performance amusing. The dialogue is smart, and free from vulgarity and cant. The acting and singing of Mr. Bernard are deserving high praise.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur, and Princess Louisa, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington, Hon. Miss Lascelles, General Grey, Major Elphinstone, and suite, honored with their presence the performances at this theatre on Saturday evening.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

To the Editor of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—Will you allow a restless wanderer to offer you some of his experiences—*experiential docets*. My only amusements are books, music, and theatres. I go about. I rarely stay long in a place. I am tired of any given spot, however choice; often indeed at a first glimpse. I take notes, however, for my own satisfaction, and read them afterwards—years afterwards. My handwriting is bad, however, and I should like to read them—years afterwards—in print. Will you close the bargain? You shall have my notes if you will print them? Your reply needs no counter-mission in expedited ink-strokes. If I see my first batch of notes in the *M. W.*—not in Mr. Ap'Mutton's column, if you please; I have no wish to be sneered at under the cunning semblance of an odd misappreciation—if, I repeat, I see my first batch in the *M. W.* of Saturday next I shall read the answer in the affirmative; if not, by no means.

I was lately at Birmingham. I went to the Stork, after a vain search for the Clarendon Hotel, where those famously acrid letters, signed "AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN," used to be dated. There I saw a paper. In the paper I saw an advertisement of a concert. It was April 1st; and I was at first apprehensive it might be a joke. "Never mind," said I—"I'll go; Reeves sings, and there is a chorus." I went. On referring to my commonplace, I find:—

"Instructed by the past, the Festival Choral Society had spared no expense on this concert. Their programme included several eminent musical names—Sims Reeves has this season been invaluable to the society, and it was not to be supposed that his magnetic power would be less when associated with Louisa Pyne and the Marchesi, Harrison, Lotto, and Georges Pfeiffer, than in humbler company. Besides, the "executive" comprised the society's chorus, under Stockley, and in this as well as in the solo department there appeared to be a vast disproportion of means to ends. Henry Smart's genial part-song, "Spring," by the full choir, formed an agreeable opening. After "Hai già vinta la causa," from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Signor Marchesi, a spokesman solicited indulgence for Miss Louisa Pyne, who was recovering from bronchitis, and had quitted her bed to appear. A duet from *Mariana* ("This heart with joy o'erflowing"), was then sung by her and Mr. Harrison. The effects of her illness apparent, her singing was remarkable for fluency and grace, contrasting forcibly with the rugged vocalisation of her partner. Madame Marchesi sang "Armida Dispretata" from Handel's *Rinaldo*, with fascinating diffidence. Mr. Sims Reeves was greeted with the usual acclamations reserved for this favorite of the public. Howard Glover's setting of Shelley's lines, "Mary, dear," was sung with a refinement and fervour which made the beauty of the combination additionally apparent; and, after Mori's "Wine Song," the tumult could be appeased by nothing less than a repetition of the last verse. But the crowning triumph of the great tenor was reserved for "Come into the garden, Mand," sung with such ease and nonchalance, such sweetness and tenderness withal, that one hardly knew whether to blame or applaud. The audience, however, entertained no doubts on the subject, and the emphatic manner in which they expressed approval, conveyed an intimation to Mr. Sims Reeves, which there was no disregarding. So, gracefully making virtue of necessity, the "pet of the public" came forward and sang the song again."

More than this I cannot find in my notes. I have no doubt I intended to write more, but was overpowered by sleep while at labour. The Stork is a dull place—not half so cozy as the Fish and Volume, at Tewksbury Point.

From Birmingham I steamed, by express, to Chichester—a good fore-and-aft' noon's labor. After a slight repast, I lighted a cigar and flew to the Cathedral—which, lover of Cathedrals though I be, I had not visited since the disaster of three years and two months (*precisely*—see the date of my letter) since. I spent an hour and half a hour and a quarter of an hour and five minutes in silent contemplation. I admired, but said nothing—even to myself (I was alone). On referring to my commonplace, I find:—

"The work of restoring central tower and spire of Chichester Cathedral is slowly proceeding. The platform for workmen has been raised, bringing into view large portion of external work of tower, now distinctly seen above roof of nave and chancel, conspicuous feature in landscape at distance round city. The walls of tower, 5½ feet in thickness, have reached height of nearly 100 feet from ground. There are turrets at four corners, embattled, like tower, and these, ornamented as of old, have also been carried up to considerable height. Three are octagonal, the other—western—circular, as in original. Tower is to contain two windows on each side, each divided by clustered columns, supporting pointed arches within larger ones of same character. Bases and lower parts of mullions of great windows on each face of tower are now in position, arced below them being finished. "Traveller" now works at an elevation of about 110ft. from ground, and

scaffolding again must be raised in month or six weeks, high enough to admit of completion of tower, which, it is expected, will be finished before end of present year. No attempt has been made to connect new work with old, or will be until tower is completed. In carrying out restoration every detail is copied with precision from original. After catastrophe of Feb. 21st, 1861, all carved portions which could be recovered from debris were collected and stored away in east end of building, where they have been sorted and arranged, and, as far as possible, old stones are made to serve as models for new work. Spire, as formerly, will be high as that of Salisbury Cathedral, and resemble it in form. At base of each of eight sides will be windows and pinnacles, adorned with croquets and finials of elegant design. Two bands of tracery will surround spire at different heights, and plain round moulding run up each angle from base to finial. It is hoped restoration may be completed by July, 1866."

The above hasty note may afford your readers (if they are mine, too) some idea of what is going on. I talk to you of cathedrals, because every such "sacred ——" no, I never use the penny-a-liner's phrase; every such ecclesiastical monument (that's better) contains within its "venerable ——" no not "venerable walls," that is another—within its walls (simple) an organ, which thus connects it in a measure with the "divine art"—hang it!—I am caught at last.

YAXTON LAST.

Fish and Volume,—Tewksbury Point, April 14.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

These concerts were resumed on Monday night, after the accustomed Easter interval, with an excellent selection and a wholly new attraction. The programme was as follows:—

## PART I.

Quartet, in D minor, strings	...	...	...	...	Mozart.
Kecit. ad Aria—"Tu che sei quel dolce fiore"	...	...	...	...	Spohr.
"Swedish Winter Song"	...	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Suite Française, in E major, Piano-forte	...	...	...	...	Bach.

## PART II.

Sonata, in A minor, Op. 23, Piano-forte and Violin	...	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Song—"Thine is my heart"	...	...	...	...	Schubert.
Song—"The Jewel Song" (Faust)	...	...	...	...	Gounod.
Quartet, in B flat major (No. 3, Op. 84), strings	...	...	...	...	Haydn.

Conductor,—Mr. Benedict.

The new attraction was Signor Camillo Sivori, the most gifted and accomplished Italian fiddle-player since Paganini, and we believe the only one who can boast of having received the benefit of that incomparable master's counsels. As a virtuoso of the first rank Signor Sivori is renowned all over Europe; but as a quartet player he is probably better known and appreciated in England than elsewhere. Twenty years ago—long before St. James's Hall was dreamt of—when such an institution as the Monday Popular Concerts would have been a sheer impossibility, he was—with Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sainton, Teresa Milanollo, &c.—one of the chief leaders at the then celebrated performances of the Beethoven Quartet Society, founded by the late Mr. Thomas Alsager, and carried on by M. Rousselot. At the Musical Union Signor Sivori has more than once played a conspicuous part; and to conclude, wherever and whenever the occasion presented, he has proved himself quite as admirable a proficient in the quartets and other classical works of the great composers as in those brilliant and showy pieces of mechanical display which appertain exclusively to what is denominated the "Fantasia school." Although the Monday Popular Concerts have existed upwards of five years, Signor Sivori had never played at any of them until now. The foremost masters of the German, Belgian and French schools—Joachim, Vieuxtemps, Sainton—besides violinists of distinguished merit, like Wieniawski, Becker, Strauss, Laub, &c., and others of no less distinguished promise, such as Lotto, Auer, &c., were repeatedly heard; but the turn of Sivori had yet to come; Italy was yet to be as well represented by a violinist as it had long been by Piatto as violoncellist and—to ascend a step higher—by Cherubini as composer. There was a general impression, indeed, that Signor Sivori had made it a condition that he should earn his first laurels in one of the quartets of the illustrious Florentine musician. Mozart and Haydn, however, were unexceptionable substitutes; and the addition to their two quartets of a sonata for violin and piano, by Beethoven, enabled Signor Sivori to exhibit, in one evening, his familiar acquaintance with the styles of three out of the six great German composers of chamber music to whom pre-eminence is unanimously accorded. J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, and Spohr will succeed in due course—followed, doubtless, if not preceded, by Cherubini. Signor Sivori's success was complete. He could not have chosen a more acceptable quartet than that of Mozart in D minor (the second of the set of six dedicated to Haydn—ending with one of the quaintest *airs variés* extant); nor could he have played it with more

genuine feeling. His phrasing in the *andante* breathed the very spirit of Italian song—of that pure *cantabile* which, though native to Italy, finds a hearty response under every clime, so graceful and unaffected is it, amid all its genial warmth. The minuet and trio were irreproachable—the boldly accented minor (minuet) was expressed with as much vigor as the playful major (the trio) with crispness and delicacy of bow. An "encore" followed, with which it was quite impossible not to comply. In the *finale*—perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most original and Mozart-like of the four movements—the theme was given with the closest rhythmical precision and a thorough conception of its unobtrusive simplicity; while the character of each variation was hit off with provoking nicety, not the least effective being Variation No. 4, which, in the major key and of purely melodious complexion, affords so grateful and happy a contrast to the rest. In short, the whole quartet was a musical treat of the most refined order. The audience were enchanted, and at the end Signor Sivori, and his companions, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Webb, and M. Pague, who had supported him with rare ability, retired amid plaudits from all parts of the hall. Haydn's capital quartet in B flat was no less successful. The only drawback to the enjoyment of two masterpieces thus thoroughly well executed was the disturbance made by late arrivals during the opening movement of the first, and by early departures during the closing movements of the last. For this inconvenience it seems evident that the director is at his wits' end to find a remedy.

In Beethoven's fine sonata, Op. 23, Sig. Sivori enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. Charles Hallé, who also played the light and pretty *Suite Française* of John Sebastian Bach, as he invariably plays the music of that master. Mr. Hallé, nevertheless, would, we think, have been still better employed on one of the *Suites Anglaises*, which are not only more ingenious and elaborate, but in all respects more interesting than the *Kleinen Französischen Suiten*, as they are called, and much more strictly in the genuine style which Bach adopted when writing not to please others but to please himself. The vocal music was good. The air from Spohr's *Faust* (sung by Mr. Renwick), and that from M. Gounod's opera of the same name (sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherington), served to show how little in common there is between the genius of the German and that of the French composer. The two songs by Mendelssohn (Madame Lemmens-Sherington) and Schubert (Mr. Renwick) are among the most perfect specimens of the German *Lied*. How well Mr. Benedict accompanied all these it is superfluous to add. At the 149th concert, on Monday week, Signor Sivori is to lead quartets by Mozart and Beethoven.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Mapleson threw open the doors of this establishment on Saturday night. The house was not so well attended as the patrons of the "old house" could have wished.

The opera was Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Madlle. Vitali (Gilda) is young and not without promise. Signor Varese (Rigoletto) should have been heard in England long ago. Mdlle. Bettelheim (Maddalena) has a deep toned *contralto*. Sig. Gasparini (Sparafucile) is a sombre individuality. Sig. Giuglini (the Duke) was "in excellent voice" (whatever that may signify). Sig. Bossi played Monterone. The band and chorus were right good, and will get better and better while *il piccolo maestro* (Luigi Arditi) remains orchestral chief. Besides the four new singers (Vitali, Varese, Bettelheim, Gasparini) a new dancer—Mdlle. Anaryvary—executed a *pas de deux*, in the first act, with Sig. Ammaturo. At the end of the opera came the National Anthem—solos by Mdlle. Bettelheim and Mdlle. Tietjens (whom the audience were glad to welcome). On the whole it was a good "first night," if not a lucrative.

On Tuesday *Rigoletto* was repeated (attendance much the same). On Thursday Flotow's *Marta* was performed, with Vitali, Bettelheim, Giuglini, Santley, Casaboni, and another new comer—Sig. Mazzetti—in the cast. About this, next week.

Teresa Tietjens appears to-night in *Norma*, supported by Louise Liebhardt (Adalgisa), Geremia Bettini (Pollio) and Marcello Junca (Oroveso)—the last new to our public. On Tuesday General Garibaldi will honour the theatre with his presence.

BUTCHER BAKER.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has returned from Paris, laden with laurels, earned by her admirable performance of the *soprano* part in *Elijah*, at the recent Mendelssohn Festival.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gives a "Recital" of classical piano-forte music this day, at Bath.

HERR ERNST.—All our readers will be pleased to hear that this illustrious artist is rapidly progressing in health.



# NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Dr. Wylde commenced his 13th season on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, with one of the best concerts he has ever given. His new duties, as Professor of Music in Gresham College, which by general consent he performs so well, have evidently in no way affected his enthusiasm for the New Philharmonic Concerts, of which he was the originator, and has now for many years been sole director, manager, and conductor. On the contrary, his patrons have good reason to be satisfied with his arrangements for the current season. His orchestra—including between 70 and 80 stringed instruments, and, with the "wood," "brass," and "percussion," close upon 100 "strong"—is really magnificent. It is not merely strong in numbers; the players are among the most skilful and experienced we possess, and each department is headed by artists of the highest rank—as an example of which it is enough to cite the principal "first fiddles," Herr Molique and Mr. Blagrove. The programme, which on Wednesday afforded unequivocal gratification to the immense audience in St. James's Hall, was as follows:—

PART I. Overture, "Faust," Spohr; Air, "Cosi fan tutte," Mozart; Concerto, (violin) Mendelssohn; Air, "Il Penseroso," Handel; Symphony (No. 7. in A) Beethoven.

PART II. Overture, "Semiramide" Rossini; Air, "Masaniello" Auber; Adagio and Rondo, "La Clochette," Paganini; Air, "Le Serment" Auber; Overture, "Abu Hassan," Weber. Conductor, Dr. Wylde.

If, instead of an uninterrupted series of pieces, in an abstract musical sense, extremely beautiful, Spohr had composed nothing besides the overture to *Faust*, it would have sufficed to preserve that lyric drama from oblivion. It is certainly one of the best, if not the very best, of its composer's orchestral preludes; and, well considered, has a deep poetic meaning. The gloom at the end, compared with the brightness of the commencement—one of the means of suggesting which is the almost singular expedient of terminating in the minor key a movement that begins in the major—is in admirable keeping with the particular legend, among many relating to the famous Dr. Faustus, submitted to Spohr for operatic treatment. The overture to *Faust* never fails to animate an orchestra composed of genuine musicians; and it was, therefore, not extraordinary that the performance on the present occasion should be in most respects strikingly good. The graceful air from Mozart's too much neglected *Cosi fan Tutte*—

"Un aura amorosa del nostro tesoro  
"Un dolce ristoro al cor porgerà," &c.—

after the sombre weight of the *Faust* music, was really what the words convey—at once an "aura amorosa" and a "dolce ristoro," relieving the spirit while gratifying the ear. The singer was Signor Naudin, from the Royal Italian Opera. Nothing could have succeeded this more happily than the violin concerto of Mendelssohn, with its impassioned *allegro*, its exquisitely melodious slow movement, its sparkling, fairy-like, impetuous and brilliant *finale*—a masterwork in every sense, as beautiful as it is ingenious, as well knit and homogenous as, from the first bar to the last, it is full of exciting interest. The player was Signor Camillo Sivori, who may claim the honor of having been first to introduce this concerto (the only one which Mendelssohn composed for the fiddle—that is, the only one published, for it is now well-known that another is in existence) to an English audience. This was in 1846, at the Philharmonic Concerts, to which we owe our first acquaintance with nearly all the great and original instrumental music produced in the course of the last half-century. Signor Sivori's execution of the violin concerto was excellent at that period; it is almost absolute perfection now. We have never heard the accomplished Italian *virtuoso* play with more spirit, delicacy, refinement and charm of expression than last night; and the impression he created was commensurate with the merits of his performance. He was listened to throughout with eager interest, and retired from the orchestra amid plaudits which, if he cares for being thoroughly appreciated, must have been music in his ears. The "Nightingale Song" from "Il Penseroso," even when abridged, must always be felt out of place, except exactly in the place where Handel has expressly put it. There, it is most poetical; separated from the context, it becomes pale and frigid—the difference between a nightingale in a cage and a nightingale in the free woods, made melodious by its liquid notes. And this with deference to Madame Lemmens Sherrington, who warbled the air delightfully; and to Mr. Pratten, whose echoing trill upon the flute outdid the trill of his vocal partner, if not in musical sweetness at least in artful prolongation. The majestic symphony of Beethoven—the glorious No. 7, which had Lucilio Vanini known he would have adopted "7," instead of "9," as the magically-symbolic number—was so superbly given as for the moment to put everything else in the shade. What a work! What a slow movement!—with its eternal rhythm of dactyl and spondee, all in one key, minor or major, except here and there a transition, here and there a feint of modulating, in each instance provokingly and yet pleasantly baulking expectation!

No one but Beethoven could have felt such entire self-reliance as to construct a movement on a plan so wholly unprecedented; and no other could so perfectly have adapted the means to the end. He himself thought highly of the symphony in A; and the musical world thinks with him.

The second part opened in quite another style, with Rossini's brilliant and orchestrally-splendid overture to *Semiramide*, concluding right merrily with the light and tuneful prelude to Weber's early comic opera of *Abu Hassan*. The "sleep-song" from *Masaniello* (by Signor Naudin)—a *chef d'œuvre* of expression; the hacknied, but still welcome *bravura* from Auber's opera of *Le Serment* (by Madame Lemmens Sherrington); and the welcome, but still hacknied *adagio* and *rondo* from Paganini's concerto *La Clochette*—which Signor Sivori used to give night after night at M. Jullien's excellent concerts, and never played more effectively—may be dismissed without comment. After the serious music of which the first part of the programme was chiefly made up these *ad captandum* inspirations came all the more gratefully and were all the more keenly relished. In short, Dr. Wylde deserves the thanks of his supporters for a concert which from one end to the other scarcely offered a single weak point, a concert in which not a dull moment can be recorded.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The 46th Quarterly Meeting was held on the 12th inst., at the Offices, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C. Mr. Gruneisen, the Secretary, having read the advertisement convening the meeting, Viscount Ranelagh, the chairman, read the report, from which it appears that the receipts for the half year ending Lady-day, 1864, were £32,694 17s. 6d., and the grand totals £753,844 6s. 1d. The large number of £20,148 shares of £50 each had been gained since the formation of the Society, representing a subscribed capital of £1,007,400, the actual cash receipts from all societies having been nearly £734,000. The total sale of land amounts to £336,118 8s. 1d., and the total withdrawals since the formation of the Society to Lady-day, are £218,650 17s. 8d. The sale of the important property recently acquired in Battersea, situated at Plough Lane, commenced on the 6th of April with signal success, and all the plots of the first allotted portion were selected; high premiums being paid for early rights of choice. This estate has all the advantages of close railroad and steamboat communication, and its proximity to the Battersea Park, renders it a most eligible locality for building purposes. Many of the new railroad schemes before Parliament will materially improve the Society. Suburban (illegible in the MS). The intended erection of a Chapel on the Oatland's Grange estate at Roybridge has given an impetus to building. The Committee entertain the expectation that the Rector of Forest Hill, the Revd. Mr. Clarke, will be able to carry out his intention of providing additional accommodation for his parish, by raising a fund to erect a Church on the Brockley Hill estate, Forest Hill. The difficulties in allotting the Avenue estate, Southampton, arising out of the claim of the corporation to some common land connecting the main frontage with the high road, being nearly removed, the land will soon be offered for sale. An important allotment, consisting entirely of freehold and leasehold Villa houses belonging to the Society, will take place in the ensuing month. The report was unanimously adopted and votes of thanks were passed to the board.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Without arresting the "run" of *The Pyramid*, Mr. Macfarren's *Jessy Lea* has been revived. It is to be given on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday evenings, until further notice. By this means Mr. and Mrs. German Reed appeal to two distinct classes of audiences—one musical, the other, dramatic—who in no way interfere with each other, but are as much apart as if they belonged to separate establishments. The cast of *Jessy Lea*, in one important exception, has undergone a change. The exception is Miss Robertine Henderson, *vice* Miss Edith Wynne—certainly a change for the better, for though the young Welsh lady sang the music of *Jessy* extremely well, the young English lady sings it even better. Miss Robertine Henderson, indeed, is one of the most rising and gifted of our young singers, and one of the most distinguished pupils of the Royal Academy of Music. Her voice is of fine and telling quality and she sings with graceful ease and fluency. Great things may be predicted of the future career of Miss Henderson, if she only shows industry and perseverance. Her talent is as undeniable as her natural gifts are precious. Her success in *Jessy Lea* is decided. The public, charmed with her voice and the liveliness of her style, have already accepted her as a favorite. Mr. Whiffin, Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Poole sustain their original parts with all the old effect. Altogether Mr. Macfarren's charming operetta is a most agreeable treat.

HERR JOHANN LAUTERBACH—*Concertmeister* to the King of Saxony, and one of the most admirable violinists now in Germany, has come to London for the season.

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.**  
 Signor SIVORI will make his second appearance on Monday, April 25th. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. W. H. Cummings. Conductor—Mr. Benedict. The programme will include Mozart's quartet in G, No. 1; Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 95, for pianoforte and violin, &c. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and tickets at Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

#### ST. JAMES'S HALL.

### MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

**MR. CHARLES HALLÉ** begs to announce that he intends giving EIGHT PERFORMANCES OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in the large Room of St. James's Hall, on the afternoons of

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1864.	FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1864.
" MAY 6, "	" JUNE 17, "
" MAY 13, "	" JUNE 24, "
" MAY 27, "	" JULY 1, "

to commence each Day at Three o'Clock precisely.

The programmes, as in 1863, will be selected from the works of the most celebrated writers for the pianoforte, ancient and modern, a sonata by Beethoven, or a composition in another style from the pen of that great master, constituting a prominent feature at each Recital. Examples from J. S. Bach, Emmanuel Bach, Scarlatti, Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Woelfl, John Field, Hummel, Weber, Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Henselt, &c. &c. will be introduced in the course of the series. From these sources Mr. Hallé believes that eight programmes can be constructed in such a manner as to suit the tastes of the highly cultivated musical audiences of the present day. Though the pre-eminence of Beethoven as a composer for the pianoforte is indisputable, the labours of other musicians who have devoted their learning and genius to the instrument, as well as those who have made it their special study to assist and facilitate its mechanical progress merit almost equal consideration. The sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Clementi, Hummel, Dussek, Schubert, and Weber, are among the most remarkable productions of the art. The newly awakened interest felt in Bach, Scarlatti, and Handel need not be dwelt on, still less the universal popularity enjoyed by the pianoforte compositions of Mendelssohn; while, in another school, Chopin, S. Heller, Henselt, &c. have found numerous admirers, inasmuch as they have thought for themselves, and produced works not merely elegant, but original. The opportunity afforded, by selections carefully made out, of comparing the works of these various composers may prove both agreeable and instructive. Each programme, as before, will comprise seven or eight pieces, including two, or according to circumstances, three sonatas. The name of no composer will occur twice in the same programme, with the exception of that of Beethoven; nor will any performance extend beyond that of two hours—from Three o'Clock to Five.

The programmes will contain descriptions, historical and analytical, of the Sonatas and other pieces. Prices of admission for the Series:—Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), £2 2s.; Balcony, £1 11s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats £1. Subscriptions received by CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond Street; and by MR. CHARLES HALLÉ, 7, Cavendish Square, W.

#### NOTICES.

**TO ADVERTISERS.**—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

**TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.**—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

**TO CONCERT GIVERS.**—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

THE College of Organists, of which we spoke last week, proposes to advance the status of its members by means of a variety of operations, all, undoubtedly, within the legitimate province of such a body. These, as at present arranged, include—promoting social intercourse among the members; providing lectures on subjects theoretically and practically important to the craft; offering prizes for the best church and organ compositions; and, lastly, endeavouring to abolish the present vicious system of "testimonial," by instituting some kind of diploma which, under the seal of the College, shall authenticate the merit of its possessor. Taking these in order, and supposing them all capable of

fulfilment, they are, certainly, quite unobjectionable. To encourage personal intercourse among musicians of any class is, undoubtedly, to pave the way towards removing many small jealousies and prejudices that will otherwise exist. If lectures be ably given on subjects judiciously appointed, there are few better means of imparting general information. Prizes, too, for excellence in composition are very good things in their way; though, unfortunately, this way introduces the new College to a taste of one of its greatest difficulties. But the last project on the list is, at once, the most practically important, and the least obviously manageable. Scarcely a dozen words are needed to show that the present "testimonial" system deserves instant extermination. Beginning, certainly, in long past time, with all honesty and sincerity of purpose, it has become now utterly delusive and corrupt. It affords no trustworthy evidence of merit; it is a nuisance to all concerned with it, whether givers or receivers; and it has suggested to the clergy a notion of how they may further degrade the "standing" of their organists, by demanding, as now commonly done, testimonials to "moral character," forsooth!—and nearly exclusive of professional ability. It is perfectly well-known that eminent musicians do very often give testimonials on the slightest possible grounds,—frequently, indeed, merely to rid themselves of troublesome applicants. So obtained, no wonder they are frivolously and improperly used; and thus they only serve to ensnare churchwardens and committees into the belief that they obtain a first-class organist, while, in fact, they have encumbered themselves with a pushing and impudent pretender.

Now, the College, well knowing the utter rottenness and degradation of all this, proposes to substitute a diploma that shall carry away with it all the sanction of unquestionable authority. But here, in full front, stands the main obstacle to be overcome. Whence is this Collegiate body to derive its power? Who will necessarily accept its decrees? Why must it be accounted more infallible than any individual testifier of past time? There is here but another phase of that impracticability to which we have often alluded, if conferring honorary distinctions in the imaginative arts. For centuries past, our universities—alone in the world in this respect—have taken on them the granting of musical "degrees," without thereby at all increasing the number of able musicians, or in any way assisting the development of art. Among them, they have created many hundred Doctors of Music, of most of whom it may be safely said that, unless the word "Doctor" be taken with its pure Latin meaning, "teacher," it had been better for their fame had they never been in the world of music at all. And the reason of this is transparent enough. The university-professor, or doctor-maker, is, himself, simply a musician according to his date and ability. He can have no exhaustive ideas upon an infinite subject. Over and above the established routine, which is formal and simple enough, he is obliged to construct, for his own guidance, a test which can never be absolute, since it is necessarily limited by his taste and knowledge. Whoever just hits this mark will be accepted, while those who either fall beneath or soar above it, can hardly escape rejection. Thus, many very stupid people have passed successfully through the ordeal; though, had Beethoven "gone in" for a degree at Cambridge, during Dr. Clark Whitfield's professorship, he would certainly have been "plucked"; while at Oxford he might, possibly, have just squeezed through Dr. Crotch's hands, though not with his heresies unrebuked. The standard at both universities is now, doubtless, much



advanced; but this advancement is, in itself, evidence of its own unfinality. The present occupants of the professorial chairs, as able as they may be, are still but musicians according to their time and convictions; and there is nothing to insure us that the light of the next generation may not exhibit their decisions as stunted in knowledge and prejudiced in taste. We do not say that this *will* happen; but progress makes this, and everything else, possible. This ever-present difficulty of establishing an absolute standard of good and bad in art,—of publicly awarding distinction or censure independantly of personal views and predilections in the awarers,—in fact, of instituting a court for the trial of artists wherein the decrees of the judge can neither be criticized nor defied, is precisely in point with regard to the diploma proposed by the College of Organists. A diploma can be of no use unless the laity, so to speak, universally consent to abide by its authority. But the primary condition of this acceptance obviously is that the dispensing power be absolutely free from suspicion, both as to motive and ability. And even this accomplished, there yet remains the irreconcilable difference between the operations of art and science—the necessary influence of opinion, taste, and feeling on the one, and their equally necessary exclusion from the other. A diploma can never confer unquestionable rank so long as a rejected candidate is at liberty to think, and even assert—what many may doubt, but none can disprove—that he has been stigmatised by a clique of persons artistically inferior to himself.

How the new College proposes to deal with this troublesome question we do not know. Assuredly it must not be by means of any single officer who, after the fashion of the University Professors, may grant or withhold distinctions at his pleasure. We can imagine no plan more likely to inspire confidence than the appointment of a board of examiners,—to consist of (say) six of the ablest organist-musicians in this country;—men of all shades of opinion and of every variety of accomplishment,—men whose position places them beyond the sphere of petty jealousies and above suspicion of professional incapacity. A “board” so constituted might be relied on for omitting no consideration necessary to determine a candidate’s merit; and its diploma, if it did nothing else, would at least represent the convictions of the most skilled artists of the time. This scheme might possibly secure general favor, and it is worth trying if only in the hope of supplanting the vile “testimonial” system, which we have already condemned as it deserves.

It remains for us to point out that, however zealous the College of Organists may be in its desire to effect “reforms,” no good result need be hoped for unless the members of the body clearly perceive that reform “at home” must precede all others. It is useless for any class of men to complain of want of “professional standing,” so long as a multitude of its individuals deserve, neither professionally nor socially, an atom more consideration than they receive. However painful such a course may be, it is but kindness, as well as duty, to the new association to speak quite plainly; to warn it, for its guidance, that the profession is injured by the presence of a number of men who, being called, and practising as, “Organists,” possess neither the accomplishments of artists nor the habits and language of gentlemen. Without an assignable particle of merit, they are conceited, boastful, and impudent to the last degree. Without the slightest musical culture or feeling, they have practised sufficiently hard to command a tolerably correct execution of a few fugues and show pieces, while they cannot even treat a psalm-tune without grammatical blunders that would shame a

school-boy, and falsities of taste that would disgrace the plough-tail. Having no greater justification than the instincts of that animal called “snob” by the late Mr. Thackeray, they yet indulge themselves in the loftiest professional airs. They think it duty to treat a clergyman as the natural enemy of their race; with them it is but professional etiquette to refuse his simplest request; and they crown all by couching their refusal in terms sufficiently offensive to justify any usage they may experience. Whatever the cause, be it that the office of organist is not sufficiently remunerative, or the employment is not tasteful to the majority of real musicians—there can be no doubt of the fact that the ranks of the organist-profession are mainly recruited from a very ineligible class. It is quite notorious that scores of young men, without a shadow of right by nature or art, become organists—such as they are—merely in the absence of any other employment, or to obtain a trifling addition to their incomes; while the managers of some of our charitable institutions can tell, if they will, how many of their pupils they annually send into life on the same errand, and with just as little warranty.

We have, in part at least, told the truth on both sides as we promised, and have thus bared an aspect of the question which has never received sufficient attention. We recommend the whole matter to the serious consideration of the College of organists. They may, by their “Lectures,” but still better by their example, enforce the indisputable though neglected fact, that an artist is an impossible being without refinement of mind and the rudiments, at least, of liberal education. And they may advantageously particularize in insisting on the fallacy of any expectation that professors officially brought in contact with the most educated men of the land, will ever be better placed than at present if, in addition to a conspicuous absence of great talent, their antecedents have denied them the proprieties of their mother-tongue. Probably the new College has some such general aim in view. Most certainly, if, by any course of discipline and action, whether by diploma or otherwise, it can insure the mission of only the right men to posts of public importance, the organist’s position will better itself as a natural result;—the cry for improved “professional standing” will cease for want of cause.

—o—

*To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.*

SIR,—The decay of Italian song has been a standing dish for years; and the annual series of *quasi* failures at both opera-houses represents side dishes of congenial flavor. Grisi, Rubini, Tamburinis and Lablaches are not as plentiful as blackberries, nor has a legitimate successor to any one of them appeared either at Her Majesty’s Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera. But as managers, for their own sakes, must endeavour to fill their places, who could doubt that Italy had been searched in vain, till not a single state remained unexplored. If further proof were wanting that no Italian singers were discoverable, it was supplied in the fact that German and French singers had been eagerly sought and as eagerly engaged. The public took for granted that these were brought over because there was no possibility of procuring native-born singers from the “Land of Song.” The Teutonic and Gallic elements gradually crept into, and at length permeated both companies, until the phrase “Italian Opera” became a misnomer. Let us, for example, see what proportion this year, at either house, the Italian bears to the foreigner.

To drive at once to Bow Street:—Here the sopranos and contraltos are twelve:—Adelina Patti (Italian), Emilia

Lagrua (Italian), Pauline Lucca (German), Antonietta Fricki (?), Marie Battu (French), Nantier Didiée (French), Rudersdorff (German), Anese (?), Tagliafico (French), Destinn (German), Tati (Italian) and Garulli (Italian)—four Italian, three French, three German, two nondescript. Of seven tenors, five are Italian, one Hungarian, one German. Of twelve basses and barytones, seven are Italians, three French, and two German. And now, to drive to the Haymarket:—The proportion of foreign to Italian at Her Majesty's Theatre is even greater. The lady singers are:—Tietjens (German), Guiseppina Vitali (Italian), Volpini (Italian), Liebhart (German), Harriers Wipern (German), Eleonora Grossi (Italian), Trebelli (French) and Bettelheim (German)—three Italian, four German, one French. The tenors are all Italian. Among the barytones and basses we find three Italian, two French, two German, one English. Such the elements which compose what we are taught to accept as "Italian Opera!"

That Italy had not been thoroughly searched during the last ten or twelve years, and that our directors had not used up the "Land of Song," was shown in the recent performance of Lagrua at Covent Garden, and in that of Varese at Her Majesty's. One director is led to understand, in 1863, what he might as easily have been convinced of in 1850—viz., that Mdle. Lagrua was an artist of splendid talents and rare endowments; while the other was *compelled* to engage Varese—"the barytone of the epoch" (to use the language of M. Fétis)—because a third-rate barytone, whom he had already secured, did not arrive in time! No wonder the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre were as much astonished as they were gratified. No wonder the question was asked on all sides—"Who is Varese?" No wonder so many expressed surprise that such an artist should have been neglected until his voice, like Ronconi's, was all but extinct. No wonder that surprise was changed to indignation, when they were told how Varese had been singing in Italy for more than twenty years with universal credit. Mdle. Lagrua's case was even a stronger instance in point. Her praises, not restricted to Italy, had been sounded in Germany, France, and Belgium, where her name stood high among the high; and even America, North and South, had paid homage to her genius. With such facts before me am I not justified in believing that Italy is not so barren of singers as is represented; that, at this moment, other Lagruas and Vareses are wasting their powers in remote theatres; and that, however their fame may spread over the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula, they are still doomed to be ignored for reasons which I can hardly accept as "economic." Is not Mongini just in such a plight? This tenor was with us for two successive seasons, and not unfrequently excited our admiration. That he has, even now, one of the noblest voices in existence, is as probable as that he can use it to good purpose. Now, Sir, I want to know why an Italian, whose means are indisputable, should be passed over by the managers of our Italian theatres in favor of aliens, who, however talented, are not Italians, and can never hope to become proficient in the Italian style.

#### RIPINGTON PIPE.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed in Exeter Hall by the members of this society. The principal vocalists were Madame Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss.

MR. G. A. MACFARREN has composed a new clarinet solo for Mr. Lazarus, entitled *Traditions of Shakespeare*, and containing the authentic melodies originally introduced in *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much ado about nothing*, *Othello*, and *As you like it*.

#### PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 12.

The first of the three Grand Festivals announced to be given at the Cirque Napoleon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, took place on Sunday week, and was dedicated to Beethoven. I sent you the programme last week, and need not recapitulate. The Ninth Symphony was, of course, the *point d'appui*. It was, on the whole, well played, although I do not think the liberties occasionally taken by M. Pasdeloup with the "*tempi*" would be tolerated in London. A more thoroughly impressed and delighted audience I do not remember, and a greater success could not have been wished. The choral movement set the hearers beside themselves with ecstasy. In the second part, M. Vieuxtemps played the violin concerto, and was greeted with tumultuous applause, more especially after the *Adagio*, in which—to invent a term—the "*magistrality*" of his bow was undeniable. The selections from the *Ruins of Athens* and the *Ballet of Prometheus* were interesting and well executed. The vocal music was allotted to Mdle. de Macsen and M. Capoul, the lady giving the air, "*O perfido*," the gentleman, "*Adelaida*." Neither was particularly good. The programme of the Mendelssohn Festival, last Sunday, was as follows:—Overture, *Athalie*; "The Departure," part-song; Concerto in G minor (No. 1), pianoforte and orchestra (pianist, M. Alfred Jaell); and the oratorio, *Elijah*. I could not attend the performance, but hear from all sides that it was good.\*

I fear that M. Bagier's chance for a *subvention* in favor of the Italian Opera is not great. No doubt he has undertaken too much, and in all probability the theatre cannot be sustained "imperially," without assistance from the treasury. The general impression here prevails that M. Bagier is by no means blest with genius for management, and that he is not eminently skilled with a knowledge of the capacities of artists, or the merits of operas. Signor Fraschini made his *rentrée* at the Italiens as the Duke in *Rigoletto*, his first appearance in that part. In the energetic passages he was forcible, especially in the duet with Gilda. I did not admire his singing of "*La donna e mobile*." Others, however, were of an opposite opinion, and roared "*bis*," with which, however, Signor Fraschini persistently refused to comply—much to my satisfaction. Signor Fraschini's acting, after that of Mario, was the essence of common-place. *La Cenerentola* has been revived with a flourish of trumpets; but the blasts were blown in vain, and this most delightful of comic operas—only less melodious and sparkling than the *Barbiere*—is not destined to triumph with the present company. The Parisians—who remember Malibran, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache in the cast—will hardly thank M. Bagier for Mdle. Barbara Marchisio, M. Pagans, Signor Delle-Sedie and Signor Scalese. The last-named singer, by the way, was ill, or I am certain his Magnifico would have been admirable. The best part of the performance—and, indeed, a new feature—was that the sisters, hitherto sustained by inferior artists, were undertaken by Mdle. Carlotta Marchisio and Madame Meric-Lablache. To understand the benefit resulting from having two competent singers in these parts, one must have heard the *morceau d'ensemble*, "*Questo é nodo*." I did not much admire the Dandini of Signor Delle-Sedie; nor was I greatly impressed with M. Pagan's Prince.

\* An account of this curious performance of *Elijah* has reached us, and will appear next week.

TUDHOE IRONWORKS, SPENNYMOOR.—On the evening of the 5th instant, the Mount Pleasant Harmonic Society gave an evening concert, in the Wesleyan School-room. Although the weather was unpropitious, the attendance was large. The artists were Mr. Franz Groenings, of Middlesbro', conductor and solo pianist; Miss Sweet, of Guisbro', soprano; Mr. David Lambert, of the Durham Cathedral, basso; and Mr. John Wood, late of Durham, solo violin. The instrumental music, played chiefly by the band of the society, gave great satisfaction. Mr. Groenings' pianoforte solo and De Beriot's 5th air, violin, by Mr. John Wood, were interrupted by applause. The chief attraction of the evening, however, was Mr. Lambert, who was encored after each song. He was the star of the evening. The duets by Miss Sweet and Mr. Lambert were also much appreciated. The concert was a success, and the return of Mr. Lambert will be a guarantee for any future undertaking. It is to be hoped that the Mount Pleasant Harmonic Society will long flourish.—*Durham Chronicle*.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *La Favorita* introduced Mlle. Emilia Lagrua in another character. Her Leonora, both in a musical and dramatic sense, is equal to her Norma. Mario (Ferdinando), was not quite himself, vocally, but, histrionically, was more than himself; thus the last act—barring the final duet—became a masterpiece. With Grisi and Mario together, it was never more impressive. Graziani played the King, and Atry the fulminating Priest, Baldassare.

On Monday—the first of those abominable “extra-nights”—*Il Trovatore* (with Theodore Wachtel) was given for the second time. On Tuesday *La Favorita* was repeated. Mario sublime—Lagrua pathetic and exquisite. Nothing but that provoking last duet prevented this performance from being as irreproachable as it was interesting.

On Thursday General Garibaldi distinguished the theatre by his illustrious presence. The entertainments comprised the whole of *Norma*, with the second and third acts of *Masaniello*, preceded by the overture. It was a brilliant fête, in honor of a great hero, greater patriot, and greatest man. (See another column).

To-night we are promised *Guillaume Tell*, with Wachtel, Graziani, and Dr. Schmidt, (a new bass—who, on the Garibaldi night, made a sensible impression as Oroveso,) instead of Tamberlik, Faure, and Formes.

BAKER BUTCHER.

GARIBALDI—NORMA—MASANIELLO.  
(The Times.—April 15th.)

On Thursday night General Garibaldi paid his promised visit to the Royal Italian Opera.

That the event should excite more than ordinary interest among the patrons and frequenters of the theatre was only natural, and possibly a more brilliant and distinguished audience never assembled within its walls. The box prepared for Mr. Gye's illustrious visitor was on the grand tier, situate exactly opposite that which Her Majesty the Queen has so often graced with her presence, and which is still used by the Royal Family. In order to afford ample accommodation for the General and his friends three boxes were thrown into one. The pit was abolished altogether, the whole area being converted into stalls, some few of which were untenanted. This, however, may readily be accounted for, inasmuch as on such occasions there are always speculators standing between the public and their rights, and who, reckoning upon exorbitant profits, are liable to be disappointed in the result.

General Garibaldi arrived with military punctuality at the doors of the theatre, but his passage through the Floral-hall (which might advantageously have been “corded off” under the circumstances) was by no means so expeditious as desirable. He was literally “mobbed” by his enthusiastic admirers, and it was with no small difficulty that Mr. Gye, who received him, was able to rescue him from their affectionate importunities. It was thus considerably more than a quarter of an hour after the time appointed for the performance to begin when the General—accompanied by his noble host, the Duke of Sutherland, his two sons, Menotti and Ricciotti, Dr. Basile, Signor Guerzone (his secretary), Colonel Chambers, Signor Negretti, &c.—entered his box. The moment the familiar gray capote was visible, and that nobly expressive countenance, which would set off any costume, the whole audience rose and cheered. The cheering was kept up for some time, volley after volley, General Garibaldi acknowledging the honor with the simple dignity that so well becomes him, and which he knows so well how to assume. As soon as the hero was seated—his two sons beside him—Mr. Costa gave the signal and the performance began.

The deep and pathetic tragedy of *Norma* was, one would have thought, hardly calculated to amuse the General so well as many other operas that might be named. Nevertheless, it was evident that he took intense interest both in the drama and the music. He scarcely ever looked away from the stage; and when the Norma of the evening—Mademoiselle Emilia Lagrua—was before the lamps, his applause was as constant as his attention was scrupulous. A new singer, too, Dr. Schmidt (from the Imperial Opera of Vienna—his first appearance), played the High Priest, Oroveso, and, possessing one of the most magnificent bass voices we remember, seemed to afford him special satisfaction. The performance of *Norma* was, as might have been expected, unusually good. Not only was Mademoiselle Lagrua admirable, and Dr. Schmidt an agreeable surprise; Mademoiselle Marie Battu (Adalgisa), and Signor Naudin (Pollio), both sang their very best, the chorus was excellent, and the orchestra more than usually effective. All was done, in short, that could be done to insure as perfect an execution as possible; and that what was done was thoroughly appreciated by the great patriot in whose honor the performance had been got up must have proved a more than sufficient recompense for every one who took part in it. Those who express

astonishment that such a man as General Garibaldi should be wholly absorbed in a theatrical entertainment may be reminded that to him it came almost in the shape of an absolute novelty. He has probably in his time seen more battles than he has seen operas, and heard the cannon's roar oftener than the mellifluous notes of tenor and soprano; his music has been the drum and fife, the trumpet-call and the retreat. At any rate, absorbed the General was; for he did not lose a scene or miss a note. Between the acts of Bellini's work he paid a visit to Admiral Sir R. Mundy, returning to his box in time to witness the moving and impressive incident of Norma's attempt to kill her children, with which the second act begins.

But if General Garibaldi was gratified by *Norma*, he was enchanted with the two dramatic and stirring scenes from Auber's *Masaniello*. No one believed he would remain for these; but for once he broke in upon his early habits in favour of a new enjoyment. The wonted hour which, even at the magnificent reception in Stafford-house, was the signal for retirement, had long passed unobserved. The overture to *Masaniello*, grandly played, was heard with unmistakable pleasure; and at the end of the first of the two acts from Auber's opera the General seemed no more disposed to move than at the beginning. The familiar scenery, the picturesque and no less familiar costumes, the wrongs of poor Fenella, the busy throng and ripening plot, doubtless impressed him. But what most vividly attracted his attention was the splendid patriotic duet between Masaniello and Pietro, declaimed with marked and unaccustomed emphasis by Signors Mario and Graziani. The significant passage about liberty and the love of country,—

“O santo ardor di patrio amor  
“Nostr'alma accendi, audace fa,  
“Al patrio suol dobbiam la vita,  
“Avra da noi la libertà.”—

delivered by Signor Mario with extraordinary vigour and twice reiterated, seemed each time to awaken sympathy, and each time drew from General Garibaldi the plainest manifestations of satisfaction. The scene which followed—the market scene (Act. 3), where the Neapolitans turn upon their oppressors—was not calculated to lessen the interest already excited; and the lively *tarantella*, the impressive and beautiful prayer, the final and successful struggle of the patriots, each created its effect. As if, too, expressly for this occasion, the barricade was erected with greater spirit, the guns boomed louder and at shorter intervals, the musket shots were ten times as frequent, and the whole colour and movement of the scene presented an unwonted aspect of bustle, animation, and startling reality. At a quarter of an hour passed midnight the curtain fell. General Garibaldi then rose; the whole audience cheered and cheered again, many waving hats or handkerchiefs, while ladies in the boxes immediately above that which was last night the “State Box” to all intents and purposes, broke their bouquets into pieces, dropping the scattered flowers over the head of the popular chieftain, as he bent forward to acknowledge the hearty salutations of the house. Then, in a brief interval, the gray capote and noble head were seen no more. The General was conducted by Mr. Gye to his carriage through the Floral-hall, which this time being kept private, he was free from those well-meant importunities which, at the beginning of the evening, had so inconveniently retarded his arrival.

The evening was one not easy to forget, and may probably be remembered by General Garibaldi himself with as much satisfaction as by those who imposed upon themselves the grateful task of doing him honour.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.

The programme for the Saturday Concert of March 26 was as follows:—

Music to the *Tempest*, Solos by Misses Fanny Armistage and Robertine Henderson; Reader—Mr. Arthur Mathison; A. S. Sullivan. Concerto, Violin (1st Movement), M. Lotto; Viotti. Song—“All that's Bright must Fade,” Miss Robertine Henderson; Agnes Zimmermann. Cavatina—“Ah, non giunge,” Miss Fanny Armistage; Bellini. Solo, Violin—“Le Streghe,” M. Lotto; Paganini. Overture—“Leonore,” (No. 3, in C); Beethoven.

The performance, on the whole, was very good. M. Lotto did wrong to omit the middle and last movements of Viotti's interesting concerto, and Herr Auguste Manns did wrong to allow it. Better have dispensed with the Paganini.

The 19th concert of the winter season, last Saturday, was dedicated to music that had reference to Shakespeare's plays or poems. Why the selection should have been devoted to Shakespeare on that particular day we cannot surmise: unless that the directors were anxious to be first in the field. We think that a fortnight's anticipation was too much, and that the concert would have been more appropriate on Saturday next, more like a preliminary to the great Tercentenary celebration on the 23rd. The concert of Saturday, if not altogether worthy of the great poet, did honour to him, and the audience accepted what was set before them. The following was the selection:—

Overture *William Shakespeare*, Kuhlau. Duet “I Know a Bank,” Horn. Chorus, “Ye Spotted Snakes,” Stevens. Song, “By the Simplicity of Venus' Doves,”



Bishop. Trio, "O Happy Pair." Shield. Overture, Entr'actes and Choruses, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn. Song, "Even as the Sun," *Venus and Adonis*, (Merry Wives of Windsor), Horn. Falstaff's Drinking Song, with chorus, "When I was nought but a Tiny Boy," (Merry Wives of Windsor), O. Nicolai. Comic duet, "His Love for Me," (Merry Wives of Windsor), O. Nicolai. Overture, (Merry Wives of Windsor), O. Nicolai. A. Manns, conductor.

Kuhlau's overture, played for the first time at the Crystal Palace, did not please much. The glee of Stevens was well sung by 120 voices. "By the simplicity" was charmingly given by Miss Susannah Cole, and Shield's trio—by Madame Parepa, Miss S. Cole, and Mr. L. Thomas—encored. Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Madame Parepa and Miss S. Cole singing the solos—was well done, particularly the overture and Wedding March. Horn's song from *Venus and Adonis*—Mr. Pape, clarinet, Madame Parepa, singer—was encored. The drinking song from Nicolai's opera created some excitement. The opera of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is in the prospectus of both Italian Operas this season, and people were anxious to taste the quality of that music. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the drinking song so well that the audience would fain have heard it again, but Mr. Thomas was deaf. The duet which followed, from the same opera was capitally sung by Madame Parepa and Miss S. Cole. The overture, though well executed, did not greatly please. But it was the last piece in the programme.

After the concert, Mr. James Coward played a selection of sacred and secular music on the Handel Festival Organ.

#### THE LATE T. P. COOKE.

A great popular favorite is gone. The Dibdin of the English theatre is dead. T. P. Cooke—Thomas Potter Cooke—is no more. The son of the surgeon of Titchfield Street, the midshipman at the blockade of Toulon and the battle of St. Vincent, the hero of the wrecked Raven, who leaped from the deck to the stage, is to be buried in peace, beneath the sod of Highgate Cemetery. There was an attraction about this "old managile" which marked him out amid the common multitude of players. Everybody liked him. No one—not even Miss Lydia Thompson—could compete with him in the sailor's hornpipe. Sixty years ago, almost exactly, a delighted crowd enjoyed his Jack Tar impersonations at the Royalty Theatre. Then he went to Astley's, flourishing under the régime of "real water." We—or our grandfathers, if you please—saw him at the Lyceum, subject to that despotic manager Laurent, who afterwards humbled himself so deeply as to become a Clown. Very grey-headed people recollect him as Obi, or Three-fingered Jack; very hoary ramblers through the reminiscences of bygone evenings can recall him as the Poor Soldier. They bring back his ghost, by that complicated spectral apparatus which we style memory, upon the boards of Covent Garden, the Coburg, and the Adelphi; they talk of his Frankenstein, his Long Tom Coffin, his Dirk Hatterick, and his Duke of Argyle. Perhaps, however, one of T. P. Cooke's most rich performances has not been universally appreciated, because the joke was enjoyed in secret. He was, year after year—so an atrocious babler tells us—one of the Lord Mayor's Men in Armour on the 9th day of November. What, after this, were the characters of Varney the Vampire, Gordon the Gipsy, Epaulette of Fontainebleau, Orson in the *Iron Chest*, Rinaldo in *Gil Blas*, or "the best Frenchman on the stage?" His Frankenstein alarmed the Parisians. They vilified him as "a walking corpse;" but the dear tradition of the English public is the William in *Black-eyed Sue*—the William of the white unutterables, the blue jacket, the black Byronic neck-tie, the whirling cutlass, the splendid hitch, the grand "avast," the chivalry of courage in defence of unprotected females—"All in the Downs." T. P. Cooke was inimitable. There was no trickery in him. He had studied the old-fashioned part of the old salt, and it became him honestly. The straw hat and the broad-collared shirt, the blue jacket, and the bold song, the immaculate ducks and the light shoes, the contempt of foreign courage, and, beyond all, the inevitable dance, which as a matter of course ensues when a British seaman has been married, hanged, murdered, or betrayed, made him the delight of boys, the wonder of girls, the mystery of those play-goers who asked whether Douglas Jerrold had been created for T. P. Cooke or T. P. Cooke had lived only for Douglas Jerrold. *Black-eyed Susan* was a resurrection for the Old House in Surrey; it made the actor famous; it saved the manager from bankruptcy; it allured half London over the water; it humbled Covent Garden into a plagiarism from transpontine vulgarity. In fact, T. P. Cooke was regarded as a living symbol of the British sailor, and he hornpiped it so long that, at length, when a great critic saw him flying through the dance in his seventieth year, he said, "It is marvellous; but I wish he wouldn't do it." However, until this veteran of the drama sustained his supreme loss in the death of his wife he walked lightly and erect, and his burden of seventy-eight years seemed no affliction; but when she died, he told his friends, "I am mortally wounded now," and he broke down and has passed away.

With deep regret we heard of this estimable artist's death. We knew him to be earnestly anxious that his life might be prolonged until after the celebration of the Shakespearian tercentenary. We heard of him laboring indefatigably with that best friend of the actor, J. W. Anson, on the Council of the Royal Dramatic College, for the humbler and less prosperous belonging to his own long-misunderstood and maligned profession. We saw in him an example of family probity and homely providence that obliterated many a reproach from the character of the class to which he belonged. And it was an indication of his faithful, hearty, cordial nature that, having once been borne on the books of the royal navy, he invariably, at the annual dinners of the General Theatrical Fund, returned thanks on behalf of that service. Who more proud than he, in fact, of the St. Vincent medal? But who, again, more zealous when a friend stood in need of help? Who, remembering how he had profited by *Black-eyed Susan*, came from his sick room, unsolicited, to play at the Adelphi Theatre, gratuitously and eagerly, for "The Douglas Jerrold fund"? That was T. P. Cooke, the player, now dead, who was born in 1786, who, by untiring industry, accumulated a fortune, who was unwearied and unstinting in his sympathy with the less victorious adepts of his profession, and who, perhaps, went successfully through a wider range of characters than any other actor of his time. His William, admittedly, was unequalled, and is the model which all future actors in nautical parts must regard, whether they earn £50 a night at Drury Lane, or 50s. a night at the Royal Standard. His Duke Dorgan, in Mr. Buckstone's drama, was a masterpiece. His Harry Halyard, in Haines's *Poll and my Partner Joe*, was an impersonation which, by all old-fashioned playgoers, will long be a pleasant tradition; while his Ben Trenant, in Mr. Thompson Townshend's piece *The Lost Ship*, was precisely the sort of thing which, as Lord Dundreary would put it, "cuts a fellah to pieces." Bright, jovial, active, and hearty, this veteran of the foot-lights could have played anything that smelt of the sea, from the Ancient Mariner to "Post Meridian, half-past four," or from Tom Tough to Peter Wilkins, the Flying Woman, and "famous Admiral Jervis." But nothing ever came up to William and the Hornpipe, to William who would "never stand by and see a female assaulted," to William, who rattled through, and rattled through it more blithesomely than ever did other mortal man, the glory of the British sailor, the triumphant stampede of the deck, the dancing upon the Ark, the able seaman's "joy for ever," the original, genuine, indisputable double hornpipe. Who cares whence that pleasant jumping came? Hawkins tells us that the dance was invented in England. No matter; it was danced by T. P. Cooke. The *Tattler* avers that we should say "pipe horn," and not "hornpipe." The innovation is not to be endured. The seventeenth edition of the *Dancing Master*, published in the seventeenth century, declares that this especial jig "must be in triple time, six crotchets in a bar, although the well-known tune, 'The College Hornpipe,' is in duple measure." Does not this surpass all patience? Who thinks of duple measures, or six crotchets in a bar, when carrying back his memory to the pleasant days when "All in the Downs," T. P. Cooke, the veteran of another century, cuts down his captain, rescues his Sue, stands in readiness for execution at the yard-arm, is saved, and appropriately betakes himself to the light fantastic toe? But, above this, there is a reason why we should give a kindly thought to the memory of the old man by whom we and our children have so often been amused, and who has now followed his wife, and the mother of an only daughter, to her rest. The dramatic profession, of late years, has risen higher than ever in the public estimation. It is acknowledged and supported by every class. It has assumed an independence never previously attempted. Its morals are, we may scrupulously affirm, from a general point of view, pure and exemplary. It is making every possible effort to destroy the old traditions of profligacy, mendicancy, and insolvent toadyism. No man worked more genially towards these ends than did the late T. P. Cooke. We pay him this tribute, we dedicate to his name these reminiscences and regrets, because we sincerely feel that his passing away—although in the fulness of time, and in the course of nature, after a long and radiant career—is a loss to the profession, an event concerning which the public cannot be indifferent—and an incident in the history of the stage which suggestively reminds us how different is the stage of our day from that upon which our grey-headed veteran, now dead, stepped from the deck of the Raven.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The month of April will be unusually busy at the Palace. In addition to the Garibaldi Fêtes, great preparations are being made for the Tercentenary of Shakespeare, commencing on Saturday, the 23rd of April. The Shakespeare House will be a *fac simile* of the original. Mr. Parris is erecting it in the Centre Transept. The great monument of Shakespeare is being placed on the Upper Terrace. The Elizabethan Court is being fitted up, and will be appropriated to objects of Shakespearian interest.

MUTTONIANA.

The following has been shot (by no amicable hand) into Mr. Ap'Mutton's quarters:—

Mr. Ap'Mutton, Sir,—I presume you went again to Paris last week, to hear *Mireille* and *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*. Otherwise how are we to account for the insertion, in your column, of subjoined:—

There was an old twaddler, Ap'Mutton,  
Bout whose Column we don't care a button,  
And we'd all just as lief  
He were christened Ap'Beef,  
For he's simply a calf, this Ap'Mutton.

King's Legs, Droitwich.

S. T. TABLE.

Mr. Ap'M. is exceedingly obliged by the reminder. Mr. Table is a Job's friend, not an Ap'Mutton's. Mr. Ap'Mutton has pondered several days over this unkindly epigram of his respected colleague, Mr. Dishley Peters. He has even consulted his (Mr. Ap'M.) Muse. The Muse (of Mr. Ap'M.)—coy, as usual—at first said there was no remedy; but, on being pressed, gave out what Mr. Ap'M. (blushingly) ventures to affix:—

There was an old file, Dishley Peters,  
Who said "My names puzzle your metres;"  
But he's nobbled for once,  
By himself, the old dunce,  
And henceforth will be known as "*dished Peters*."

Mr. Ap'M. trusts the above will be understood as it was intended. Mr. D. P. forgot, no doubt, that Peters rhymes with metres—as metre rhymes with Peter, in the old doggerel.

Mr. Ap'Mutton, Sir,—Should not the painful spectacle we are now witnessing make Mr. Gye pause before allotting the character of Faust to Mario. Yours truly,  
His Best Friend.

Covent Garden Gallery, Tuesday night.

What "painful spectacle"? Whose "Best Friend"? Mr. Ap'M. is at his wits' end to decipher the above logograph. Does the writer wish to see any other than Mario in the part of *Faust*? If he does, he is certainly not Gounod's "best friend." Neither is he the "best friend" of Mr. Ap'Mutton, who witnessed a pleasurable, not painful, spectacle "on Tuesday night," in Mario's *Ferdinando* (*La Favorita*), and what is more, anticipates a no less pleasurable spectacle on the first night of *Faust*—that is (not otherwise) if Mario plays *Faust*. On second thoughts, guard Mr. Ap'M. from such a "best friend"! Dear old Marpion! Heaven pickle him!

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, uncertain where he resides, has addressed a remonstrance to Mr. Ap'M.'s quarters, under the heading of "Where do I live?"

Sir,—Will you kindly listen to the dilemma of an inhabitant of West Brompton who does not exactly know where he lives? When I came to reside somewhere in Brompton, eight or nine years ago, the locality of my house was known as St. Mary's Place, taking its name from a new church in the immediate neighborhood. Bye and bye bricks and mortar took the place of green fields opposite our windows, and the other side of the street was christened Tregunter Road. This arrangement went on for a time, when the authorities recognised both names, and passers-by were informed that they were in "Tregunter Road or St. Mary's Place." Barring the absurdity of two names, there was no great harm in all this; but latterly the name of St. Mary's Place has been blotted out altogether, with an utter indifference to the convenience of those inhabitants who have made it their address for years. If I now ask an acquaintance to visit me at St. Mary's Place, he can't find it. If I put "Tregunter Road," he takes it for granted that I have just changed my residence, and will not think of intruding on me in "the agonies of moving;" but we have only a very hazy notion indeed of where we have moved to. Pray, Sir, take compassion on us, and use your influence in inducing the proper authorities, whoever they may be, to restore the appropriate name in place of a new one which, in its absurdity, confers anything but honor on the savory name of Gunter. It would not be amiss if our street nomenclature were altogether placed under better management, for I believe we are not the only victims to a similar caprice. There is nearly as much inconvenience in having a long-established address changed as in moving itself.—I am, Sir, with sincere respect, your obedient servant,  
J. O. HALLIWELL.

Mr. Ap'M. is the milk of human kindness; but how can he "listen to the dilemma of an inhabitant?" When Mr. Ap'M. had quarters in Tregunter Road, his card of address was—

Mr. OWAIN AP'MUTTON,  
TREGUNTER ROAD,  
No. — ST. MARY'S PLACE.

and when Mr. Ap'M. removed to St. Mary's Place, his card of address was—

Mr. OWAIN AP'MUTTON,  
ST. MARY'S PLACE,  
No. — TREGUNTER ROAD.

Now that Mr. Ap'M. (who gladly took advantage of "the agonies of moving," to beg his convivial friends would smoke their pipes where "them listed") has re-removed to the King and Beard, he is very comfortable without any card of address. Moreover, Mr. Ap'M. is at a loss to understand the penultimate sentence in Mr. J. O. Halliwell's complaint:—

"There is nearly as much inconvenience in having a long-established address changed as in moving itself."

"In moving itself" is a likely periphrasis; but it is obscurely round the corner. "Moving itself?" Moving what? The address? No. Mr. Halliday? Nonsense! Mr. Ap'M. is at his wits' end.

Mr. Ap'Mutton, Sir,—Knowing the interest you must feel in the Danish question, I make no hesitation in sending you a report of a conversation I had yesterday with a gentleman belonging to the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre. "Good news for the Danes," said he, with a smile, "we are going to despatch 30,000 troops to Copenhagen." "Indeed," said I, "I am delighted to hear it; and pray who is your authority?" "My authority! why, a 'military swell' who shall be nameless." "A 'military swell'—Oh! I suppose some man in the Guards?" "Yes—in the Grenadier Guards. For his part, he says, he longs for a brush with the enemy." "I did not know," I responded, "you were acquainted with the swells in the Guards, but I suppose you have picked up the acquaintance of some fellow in the stalls?" "Nothing of the kind," he replied, "he is in our band—our first opicleide." Satisfied with this excellent authority, I hasten to send you the news.

CHIDLEY PIDDING, M.D.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has an uncle with the Danes, at Ulkebøl; a nephew with the Prussians, at Broacker; a cousin-German with the Austrians; and a maiden aunt by the paternal side—Miss Tabitha Ap'Mutton—who has gone to dress wounds, promiscuously, in all three camps.

King and Beard, April 15th.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

GENERAL GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—An address and a sword will be presented this day at the Crystal Palace, to General Garibaldi, by the Italian Reception Committee. A sword at the same time will be presented to the General's son, Menotti. The presentation will take place in a box, or gallery, entered at the north-east corner of the Great Transept, and facing the Handel orchestra. A concert of Italian music will precede this ceremony, supported by the principal artists of our Italian Operas. The Concert will take place in front of the Great Orchestra.

BRIGHTON.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced at the Theatre here, under the direction of Mr. Corri, with great success:—Miss Thirlwall (*Dinorah*), Miss Annie Leng (*Herdswoman*), Mr. Lyall (*Corentin*), and Mr. Corri (*Hoel*). Messrs. Potts have announced two concerts with the Pyne and Harrison concert party, M. Lotto as violinist and M. Georges Pfeiffer, pianist. The concert of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society at the Pavilion on Tuesday, in aid of the funds for the erection of a Mission Hall, was fully attended. The solo vocalists were Miss Andsell, Miss Attree, Miss Foster, Miss Loader, Mr. Anscombe and Mr. Waller.

SHAKESPERIAN RELIC.—The country will shortly possess the famous cabinet, carved from the wood of the mulberry tree, presented by the corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon to David Garrick on the Jubilee of 1769. This exquisite work of art, representing scenes from the plays of Shakespeare, carved with spirit and minuteness, together with the Garrick correspondence upon the subject, the medal presented to the actor, and a ring containing a miniature of Shakespeare under crystal and set in gold, has been bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, book collector, antiquary and author, who died last week of apoplexy (aged 75) at the house of his son, Dr. Daniel, the Grove, Stoke Newington. Deceased was direct descendant of Paul Danielli, head of a distinguished Huguenot family.

A VIOLONCELLO by Rugerius, the property of the late Major General Sir W. Eyre, sold for £100 at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's last Music sale.

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**SIGNOR SIVORI** will remain in London till the end of May. Communications respecting Concert engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, &c., at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

**HERR REICHARDT** begs to announce that he will arrive in Town April 30. Address Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, Brompton.

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